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Another ageless athlete is Ethiopian distance runner Miruts Yifter. He did what no sprinter had ever accomplished: winning the 5000 and 10,000 metres races at the age of 36! (He's not sure, but he might even be older.) This feat was one of the highlights of the Moscow Olympics, 1980.

Charlotte Dod (1871-1960) had a lifetime of achievements in sports: she won the Wimbledon singles 5 times, the British Ladies Golf Championships, an Olympic silver medal for archery and also represented England for hockey!

A man who has held his own among the super heavy-weight lifters for 10 years is Soviet giant Vasily Alexeyev. He has broken 60 records and got 2 Olympic gold medals! In 1980 he lost his title to a younger rival but has no intentions of giving up!

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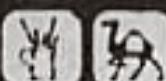
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IN THIS ISSUE

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY — *Continuing our
fairytale novella*

Page 10

THE EAGLE AND THE BIRD : *An Arabian Night story — not
of a bird but of a boy*

Page 19

THE WISE BOY-KING *The Bodhisattva solves
several riddles*

Page 30

MAHMUD'S PLUNDERS : *Pictorial narration of battles and
raids that bled India*

Page 35

A QUEEN'S REVENGE : *The Adventure of a lady who
humbled her conquerors*

Page 39

PLUS SIX COMPLETE STORIES
AND TWELVE OTHER FEATURES.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अधोऽधः पश्यतः कस्य महिमा नोपचीयते ।

उपर्युपरि पश्यन्तः सर्व एव दरिद्रति ॥

Adho'dhyah paśyataḥ kasya mahimā nopacīyate

Uparyupari paśyantah sarva eva daridrati.

Who does not feel great looking at those who are inferior?
But looking at the superior one finds himself so poor!

The Hitopadeshaḥ



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according to law.

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

WHAT IS A SLANG ?

A dictionary would define the *slang* as a word outside the sphere of standard English, or even explain it as "a jargon of the non-cultured people". *The Dictionary of World Literary Terms* edited by Joseph T. Shipley (George Allen & Unwin) illustrates how the same thing can be said in three styles:

"He is well-informed on current affairs";- standard. "He keeps in touch with what's going on"; - colloquial. "He is *hep*"; slang.

A slang generally originates in a community the members of which are close to one another for some reason or the other. They formulate a word which has a special or peculiar meaning, often a bit harsh or pungent. In course of time its use becomes wider. Then it is called colloquial. As more time passes, it gets a promotion to the dictionaries of standard words.

In any growing language the slangs continue to be born. Chesterton gives them a high value: "All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry."

Be the slang a "jargon of the non-cultured" or a "metaphor", in order to understand a language well, we have to understand its slang. *The Chandamama Dictionary of Select Words and Phrases*, begun in the last issue, will include the slangs that are in current use and explain them. That will help our young readers to be intimate with English language.

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Conquest by the Handicapped

How able can be the disabled? The answer is, abler than many who are hale and hearty. By the help of a Braille map, five blind men, two men with artificial legs, and two deaf and dumb have successfully climbed a 4,392 metre-high mountain in America. They planted their national flag on the peak.



King Solomon's Capital

King Solomon ruled Israel in the 10th century B. C. In a narrow ridge road near the modern Jerusalem, archaeologists have started having the first glimpses of what this famous king's capital was like.

Music-Human or Beastly?

From a list published in a Canadian newspaper it is found that some of the Western pop groups are named as "The Flying Lizards", "The Turtles", "The Dolphins", "Kangaroo", "Rhinoceros", "Spaniels", etc.

"We only hope, they give us human music!" comments a reader.



The Sweetest Music?

We do not know whether his own voice was the sweetest music to him, but Kapila Kumarasinghe, a 16-year-old school boy of Sri Lanka, has made a new record in talking. He talked on for 6 days and 15 hours, surpassing by nine hours the old record registered in the Guinness Book. Every hour he broke off for five minutes to partake of liquid food.

Continuing our fairytale novella

THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: In the Golden Valley an earthquake reveals a wonderful statue. The young Raju goes out in search of the secret of its soul. The king, who is impatient to bring the statue to life so that he can marry her, is tricked by a sly man who pretends to be a wizard. The man pushes the king into a dark pit and takes the guise of the king. In the meanwhile Raju is passing through strange domains and has lately met a great hermit.)

10. A GLIMPSE OF THE REALM OF DREAMS

"Do you see those blue hills on the horizon? Crossing them would be tough, but you must do that if you wish to continue in your mission," said the hermit.

"But I know how to vanish. That I learnt from the king of the land of the Holy Dragon. I can dematerialise myself here and materialise on the other side," said Raju.

"That science applies only to the human world. But now you are entering a different world. Those who live there are not human beings, though they look like us," explained the hermit.

"Well, if that is the case, I can only try to trek the difficult path."

"Even if you do that, you will reach a vast forest, but never

meet any of its dwellers. To see them, you have to go through a secret passage."

"O noble soul, who but you can help me? Will you not guide me there?" asked Raju entreatingly.

"I will," said the hermit. He took Raju by the hand and began walking in the direction of the hills.

Raju felt as if he was in a daze—and was gliding forward as smoothly as a chick's feather in the air. A great peace descended on him. Gone was his anxiety. Soon he closed his eyes.

He did not know how long he walked with the hermit. A strange sensation tickled him and he opened his eyes.

He found himself seated on a rock, by the side of the hermit

It was a lovely dawn. Clouds in the eastern sky looked like huge bubbles about to burst—flooding the horizon with unknown joys.

On the dale below stood a few trees. Their trunks looked like those of palm trees, but their top could not be seen. They had risen piercing the clouds and were lost to sight.

"My God, I had never known such tall trees!" exclaimed Raju.

"They won't remain tall for long. They grow high at this hour to enable the fairy-kids to pluck their sweet fruit," said the hermit. When Raju took his eyes off the hermit and looked into the dale again, he saw the trees already back to their normal size.

"We are in a wonderful land, I must say," observed Raju.

"We are in the frontier of the human world and the world of some decent beings. You shall see them soon" informed the hermit.

A sort of weird noise surprised Raju. He turned back and looked into a chasm. What he saw terrified him. A sinister-looking fellow held a large syringe in his hands. Before him was a luminous round ob-



ject. He thrust the syringe into it and gleefully bared his teeth again and again. Each time he did so, an unearthly flame, like Will-o'-the wisp, flashed in his mouth.

The round object turned blood-red, and then it grew ominously dark and gave out a kind of smoke. The fellow leaned over it and began inhaling the smoke. His teeth bared more frequently. His eyes flashed like those of a hyena at night.

"What does this mean?" Raju asked the hermit with surprise.

"That chasm is a part of the Realm of Dreams. The dreams



the people on earth see are reflected here. Dreams of the same kind get condensed into one form. What you are looking at now is the summary of a few thousand dreams. They were dreamt by people who thought themselves clever but who, in fact, were the worst kind of fools. They inject poison into the world. That they do by mixing rubbish with the food-stuff they sell, by making weapons of death and persuading people to buy and use them, and in so many other ways. They make lots of profit. Look how that fellow is thriving."

Raju looked into the chasm

again. The fellow was inhaling the smoke and grunting with satisfaction like a pig. His tummy was growing bigger and bigger. Soon it grew so big that the fellow's hands could not touch each other across it.

But he still inhaled the smoke and his tummy still continued to swell. Signs of pain were writ large on his face.

"But the fellow seems to feel tormented!" mumbled Raju, quite perplexed.

"He is tormented. That is bound to happen to all of them. Those who do not think good can never inhale the good air," said the hermit.

The fellow was wriggling and spinning round himself. He was making faces, angry and desperate. Raju could not look towards him any longer.

His attention went over to the end of the valley. He saw arrows of light rising from the dusky ground. They looked particularly attractive because of a gigantic banyan tree in the background. Many of the lights rose till the middle of the tree and then were dimmed and gone. Once in a while, however, one light rose to the level of the tree-top. But some vulture-like birds pounced upon it. They

flapped their wings violently against it and put it out.

"Those lights are the dreams of peace and happiness. Those that cannot rise high are the weak ones—of those who seek happiness, but in the wrong way," said the hermit.

"But who are those birds that smother the lights rising high?"

"They are the hostile forces that do not want people to be truly happy. Indeed, it requires much knowledge and courage to realise happiness," said the hermit. He resumed after a pause, "You are now entering the Land of Contentment. It is no longer possible to walk. You have to cross the chasm in one leap. Can you do it?"

"I'm afraid, no," said Raju, passing a hurried glance on the wide chasm.

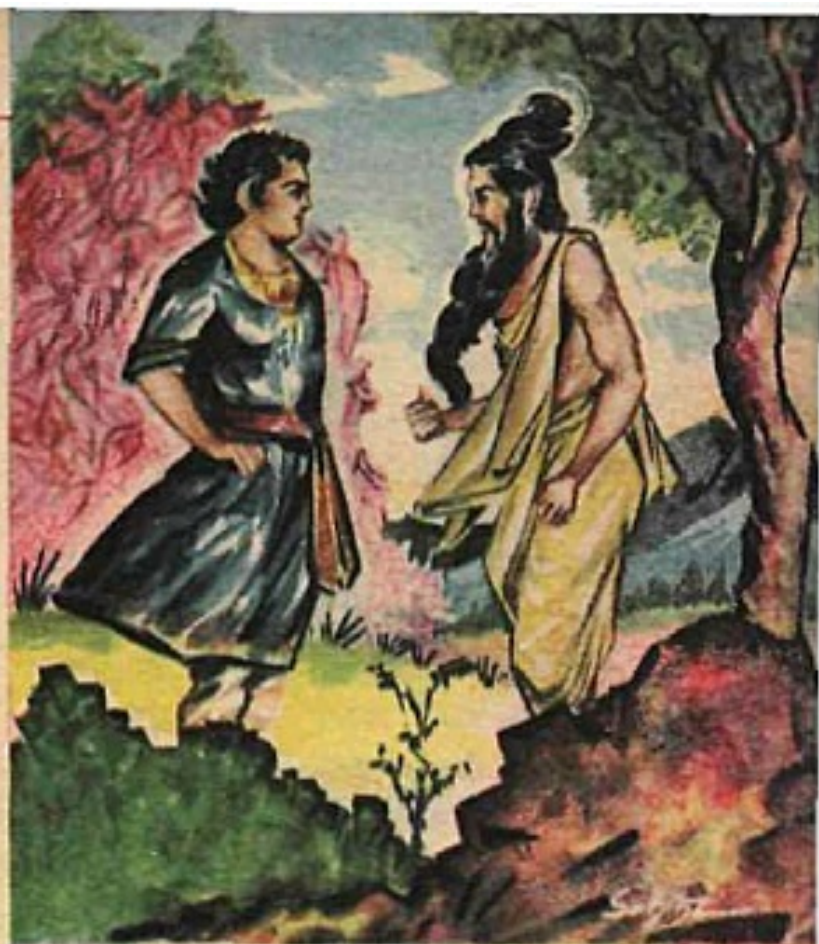
"Do you think you can do it if I too leap along with you, holding your hand?"

"I'm sure, I can do it."

"Good. Your faith will take you across it. Shut your eyes and spring with all your might. Ready?"

Raju nodded.

The hermit held Raju's hand. "Come on!" he said and both took a leap.



Raju felt as light as a falling rain-drop. He opened his eyes and found himself in a colourful garden spanned by a glittering rainbow. Birds whistled and tittered sweetly and they looked more like splendid flowers than birds. There were clouds overhead, but they too were like huge flowers of froth in so many colours. What was strange, Raju had never known many of those hues that coloured the clouds, the birds, the trees and, of course, the flowers. These new colours did not belong to the list of the usual seven, nor could they have been effected by their combinations. They

were just new—unknown to men. Each colour inspired a mood—a happy mood.

Every wave of breeze brought a touch that was serene. Every sound made by the birds, every little sway of the trees, gladdened Raju's heart.

But where was the hermit? Raju looked here and there, but found no trace of him. In such a situation it would have been natural for him to feel sad. But he had no such feeling, though he missed him.

He guessed that the air of that new world was immune to sadness.

Joy soon inspired him to sing out a sweet song he had learnt when a child. Its first line said

how a lone traveller set out into the unknown with the sun for his companion.

No sooner had Raju sung the first line than the sun sprang up in the east.

The second line of the song said how the breeze guided the traveller all along. And he had just sung it out when a refreshing gust swept over the trees, engaging the millions of leaves in a sweet murmur.

Raju sang on till he woke up to the fact that someone was listening to him. Beside him sat a beautiful girl—her face radiant with wonder and joy. She smiled. A more charming smile Raju had never known!

(to continue)



CHANDAMAMA DICTIONARY OF SELECT WORDS AND PHRASES

ABOMINABLE: (Adj)
Before hand called Abhominable, something grotesque, extremely abnormal and to be avoided.



ABOVE-BOARD: (Adj)
Honest, who cannot be accused of deception. It is from the habit of card-players who dishonestly changed cards putting their hands under the table (board).



ABRACADABRA: (N) A word with magic power. It used to be written, as shown here, on a parchment that hung from one's neck.

I REMEMBER
ONCE I HAD AN EXCITING
IDEA FOR SWALLOWING
A GALLON OF
LOLLIPOP!



ABREACTION: (N) If one had a neurosis (a mental disturbance) for suppressing or forgetting an idea, a way to cure him is to revive that memory in him. That is abreaction.

ABREAST: (Adv) Side by side. The dog ran abreast of the thief and did not let him take a turn.



Mrs MITTY SAYS
I AM AN ABRIDGED
VERSION OF SATAN

ABRIDGE: (V) To shorten or summarise. (N) Abridgement.

The Guru Purb

The father had given the boy some money to buy a few things for his shop. The boy returned from the Bazar, empty-handed.

"Where is the merchandise? What did you do with the money?" asked the surprised father.

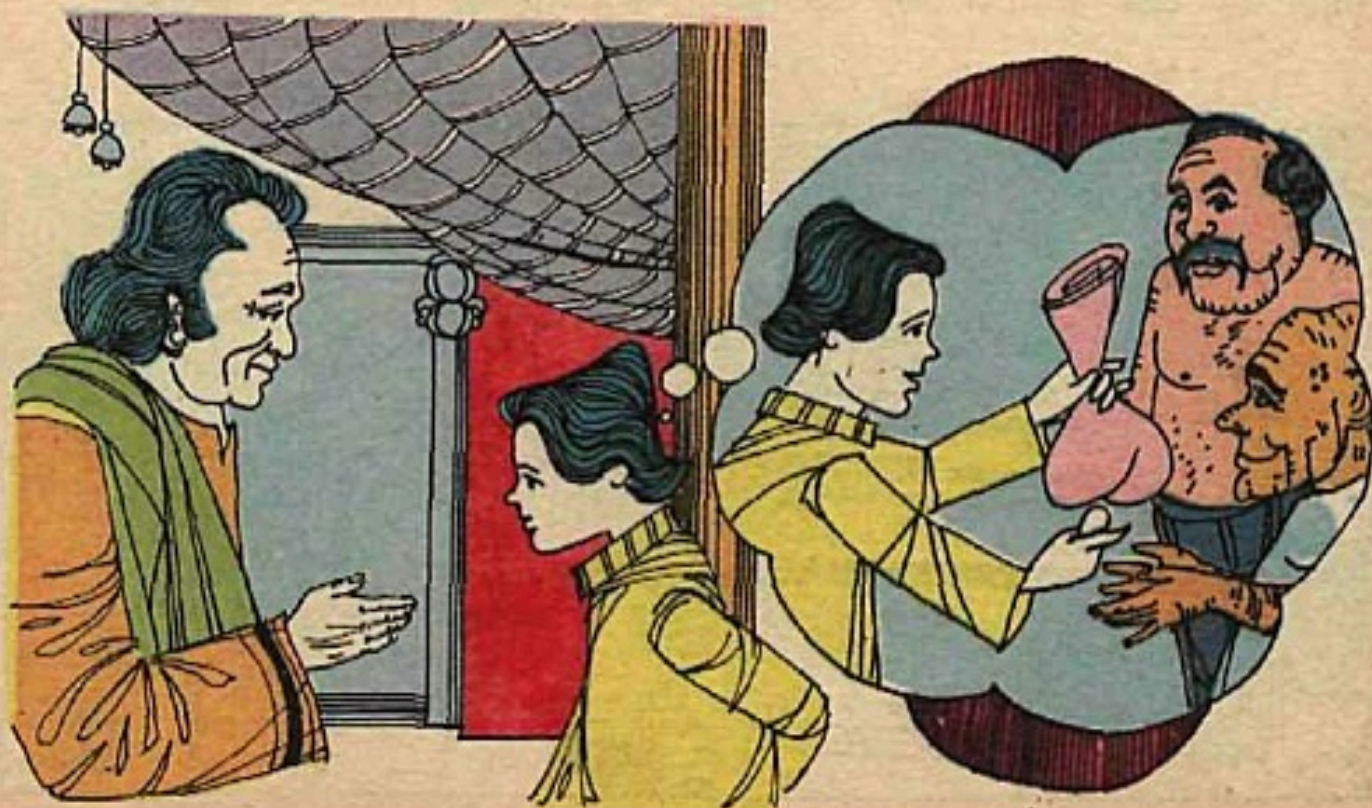
What from the shy boy and what from others he gathered was: the boy had spent the amount in feeding some mendicants!

The father knew only too well that the boy was quite

unlike any other boy. At the age of seven he had composed a lyric singing the glory of the Lord that charmed anybody who heard it. He slipped away from home and passed his time in the company of the holy men whenever he found a chance.

No wonder that the boy should grow up to be a celebrity and be adored as a great prophet by the posterity. He is famous as Guru Nanak, the first of the ten Masters of Sikhism.

Guru Nanak was born in



1469, in a village called Talwandi, 64 km from the city of Lahore. Now the village is known by the Guru's name - Nankana Sahib. The area is in Pakistan.

Nanak preached the gospel of universal tolerance. He taught that all men are equal. Caste did not make a man superior, but purity of mind. He favoured neither pleasure-seeking nor extreme asceticism, and exhorted his disciples to seek the truth.

The Sikhs observe the birth days of all the Gurus, but they observe with great festivity the birthday of Nanak, the first Guru, and Gobind Singh, the last Guru.

Guru Nanak's birthday that falls in the month of *Kartik*

according to the Indian calendar, will be celebrated this year on the 11th of November. The sacred occasion is called the *Guru Purb*. Devotees would read from the beginning to the end the *Granth Sahib*, the holy book of Sikhism. The book contains the teachings of the masters, beginning with *Japji*, the verses composed by Guru Nanak.

The *Granth Sahib* will be taken out in a procession from the four great *Gurudwaras* - the shrines of the Sikh faith - at Amritsar, Patna, Anandpur, and Nanded. *Langars* or community feast will be thrown for all - without any distinction being made between rich and poor, or among different castes.



The Eagle and the Bird

The Caliph was out for hunting. A hundred noblemen and bodyguards accompanied him.

The Caliph broke away from his party and gave chase to an antelope. But the antelope proved far more swift than its royal chaser. The Caliph soon got tired.

A boy lay under a tree, humming a tune to himself, heedless of the panting and sweating Caliph.

The boy paid no heed to his command either. The Caliph

drew himself up and shouted, "Don't you see me? Don't you know who I am?"

"I know that you are an unmannerly fellow. You did not greet me before talking to me, you took it for granted that I'll obey you!" replied the boy.

"Shut up!" yelled the Caliph.

"Why don't you do the same?" asked the boy.

"I've never seen a more impudent chap!" commented the Caliph.

"Neither have I seen a more





arrogant fellow!" retorted the boy.

The Caliph's companions reached the spot and began greeting their master.

"Don't waste time saluting me. Take hold of this audacious boy," said the Caliph, trembling with rage.

The Caliph lost all enthusiasm for hunting. He was keen on returning to his court and pass a formal order for punishing the boy.

When the Caliph had taken seat in his court, the boy, now a prisoner, was produced before him.

"You dog, why don't you

salute the great Caliph, the Commander of the Faithful?" demanded an officer.

"You fly on the tail of a donkey! Do you think that I am in a state of mind to observe etiquette?" rebuffed the prisoner.

"Shed your arrogance; you foolish boy, your end is nearing!" warned the Caliph.

"If I am destined to die now, you cannot save me with all your power, vanity, and wealth. If I am not destined to die now, you cannot kill me with all your power, vanity, and wealth!" answered the boy.

"How dare you retort the Caliph, you vagabond? Don't you realise his greatness in relation to you—a mere fly?" a courtier asked, fuming and gesticulating.

"Big or small—all are equally answerable to our Lord," said the boy.

"Behead him!" shouted the angry Caliph.

The boy was dragged to a corner and made to kneel down on a carpet. His hands were already tied.

"O Commander of the Faithful! Do I strike this fellow's head off?" asked the executioner.

"Do so," said the Caliph.

The executioner raised his sword and repeated the question. Custom demanded his asking the question thrice.

The boy, his eyes fixed on the ground, sat without a murmur. However, when the executioner asked the question for the third time, he laughed.

Instead of giving his final order for the boy's execution immediately, the Caliph asked, "Why do you laugh?"

"I remember a verse. Like the little bird of the verse, I too can escape from the very jaws of death, if it is in my destiny to live long," replied the boy.

"What is that verse?" asked the Caliph.

The boy recited it:-

An eagle caught a tiny bird,
and was about to eat it.

"O mighty eagle," said the bird,

"I feel sad a bit."

"Only a bit? Don't you know that you are to die?"

"I know, O eagle, you'll eat me up

in twinkle of an eye.

I regret, I'm too small a morsel for your royal appetite!"

Pleased, the noble eagle released the bird,

and flew out of sight!

The boy sighed and said, "Well, the eagle was noble!"

The Caliph had already exhausted his anger. He felt embarrassed that compared to an eagle he was lacking in nobility. He laughed.

"Stuff his mouth with jewels!" was the Caliph's final order on the boy. That meant giving the boy a heavy reward and sending him home.

The boy went away, greeting the Caliph at last!





The Magic Ointment

Prasad owned a shop. He did very good business and was quite rich. But he was not happy. He had a singular desire. That was to become a millionaire.

One day he learnt from a wood-cutter that in the deep interior of the forest lived a holy man. He could grant one any boon.

Prasad lost no time in exploring the forest. He found out the hermit. Bowing down to him, he said, "Kindly make me a millionaire."

"I can see that you are rich already. I tell you that you cannot be happier by growing richer," said the hermit.

Prasad was on the verge of weeping.

"Why don't you ask for some other boon?" suggested the hermit.

"Then grant me spiritual vision," said Prasad.

The hermit laughed. "You madcap!" he said, "No one obtains spiritual vision until he has taken to a spiritual life. However, I have no more time to talk to you. Let me give you a magic *kajal*. Apply a little of it to your eyes and for a moment you can see whatever you desire to see even if the thing is not visible."

Prasad was delighted. He thanked the hermit and walked towards his home.

Suddenly someone hopped down from a tree and stood before him. Brandishing a dagger, he commanded Prasad to halt.

"I am Gajsingh. Surrender whatever you are carrying, to me," said the stranger.

Gajsingh was a bandit.

Prasad trembled with fear upon hearing his name. "I'm carrying nothing, not even a pie!" he said in a broken voice.

Gajsingh searched his person. He found out the tiny box containing the *magic kajal*.

"Tell me what's this, or you die!" Gajsingh shouted out his threat. Prasad, scared to death, told the bandit about the kajal's quality.

"Fine!" exclaimed the bandit. For long I have desired to know where is the secret chamber in the royal palace that contains the treasure. Now I can know it. I won't take away your box. I will take out a little of the kajal. But if you report about my intention to the king, you shall die."

The bandit took half the content of the box and went away.

It was evening when Prasad reached home. He put the small box on the window sill in his bed-room and went away to his shop.

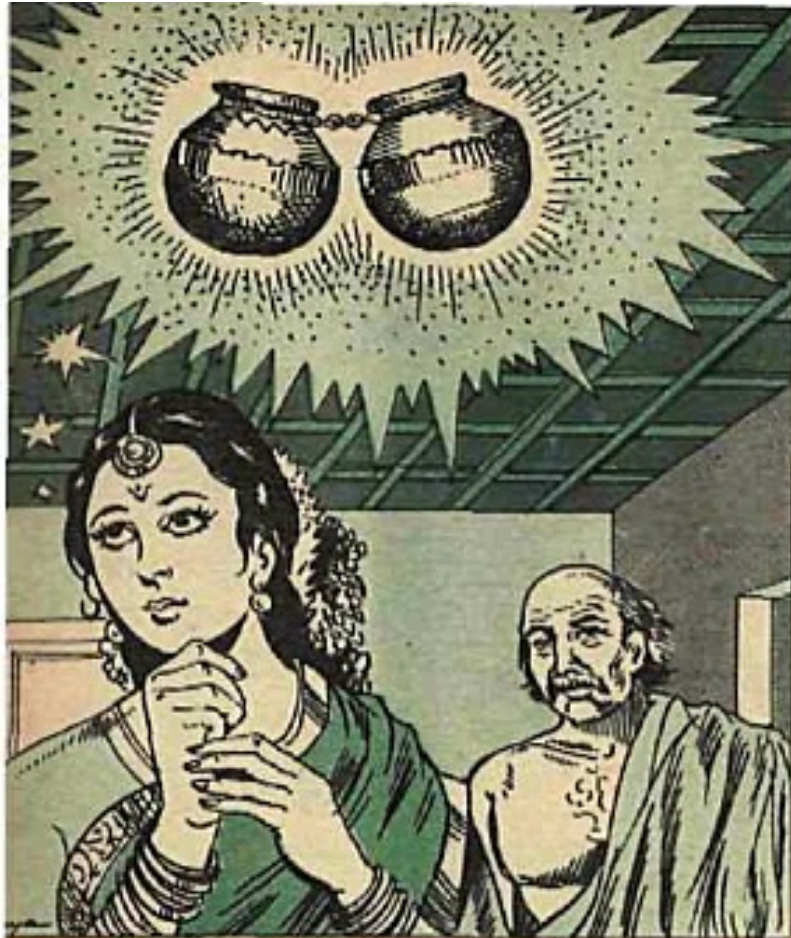
Girls like to put kajal in their eyes, particularly when they go out. Lakshmi, the daughter of Prasad's neighbour, was to visit her friend. She saw that she had run out of kajal. She asked Prasad's wife if she could use a little kajal from her box.



Prasad's wife had no kajal with her, but her eyes fell on the box her husband had kept. "This must be a sample from some kajal-maker who wants to sell his ware through our shop," she told Lakshmi and asked her to use it.

That night Lakshmi's father told her, "My child, your marriage is fixed. I wish I could spend a lot on the occasion. But I am poor."

He sighed and added, "Our ancestors were rich. I have heard my grandfather saying that his grandfather had buried two pots filled with gold somewhere in this compound of ours.



Only if I could know where they are!"

For a moment Lakshmi desired that she had the knowledge of the hidden property! No sooner had she wished so than she saw in a flash two pots burried at a nook at the house. She told her father of her vision. Her father dug at the spot and found the pots!

Lakshmi was intelligent enough to understand that she had the vision on account of the kajal. She decided to confide her discovery to Prasad's wife.

Just then she heard the king's herald announcing: "Two hours ago a boxful of jewels has been

stolen from the king's secret treasury in the palace. One who can help trace the property or the thief will receive a reward of ten thousand rupees!

Lakshmi told Prasad's wife all about the magic of the kajal and said, "If your husband applies the kajal to his eyes and desires to know where the king's stolen treasure is, he can know it. The reward will be yours!"

Meenakshi, another girl of the neighbourhood overheard this. She kept a watch on Prasad's house. On his return from his shop Prasad heard everything from his wife. He was annoyed for her giving the kajal to Lakshmi, and then said; "I will not help the king in catching the thief unless he increases the reward amount to a hundred thousand rupees!"

Meenakshi overheard this too. She acquainted her husband with all she had come to know. Her husband proceeded to the palace before it was dawn and told the king that Prasad alone can help him catch the thief.

In no time the king's sepoy took hold of Prasad. He was produced before the king. When threatened with death, he handed over the magic kajal to the king.



The king applied it to his own eyes. He could instantly see where Gajsingh was resting with his booty. He directed the operation himself. His sepoy's swooped down upon Gajsingh. The bandit was captured and the treasure was recovered.

"Prasad! You knew that Gaj-

ingh intended burgling the treasury, but you did not inform me. This is a crime which deserves severe punishment," the king told Prasad.

Prasad begged to be pardoned. The king set him free. The reward of ten thousand rupees went to Meenakshi.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S DILEMMA

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time and flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces. The moaning of jackals was subdued by the eerie laughter from spirits.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. Then, he began crossing the desolate cremation ground.

The vampire that possessed the corpse spoke out: "O King, I believe you are making a sacrifice of your comfort and sleep for someone and taking this pain at this unearthly hour. But you ought to know that there is no truth in this idea of sacrificing for others. Let me give you an instance. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Shripur was ruled by King Gunavardhan. Once his only son fell sick. The physicians of the kingdom could not even diag-

nose the disease, what to speak of curing it!

When the physicians failed, wizards and tantriks were summoned. They too did not fare any better.

One day some noblemen saw a travelling sage. They brought him to the king.

The king received the sage with great respect and told him all about his son's sickness. "O Sage, kindly save my boy. I'll do anything for you," he said.

The sage saw the ailing prince. He then told the king, "No medicine can cure this case. He is destined to die. However, he can live if someone will be ready to give up his or her life for him most spontaneously, without the least conflict."

The king's face beamed with joy. "Is that the only condition? Know that it is fulfilled. Besides myself, my wife, my minister, and my general, at least a thousand people would immediately step forward to die so that the prince might live."

The sage laughed. "Forget the thousand," he said. "Just give a thought to what I have said yourself. Let the queen, your minister and your general



too reflect on it and decide if they would spontaneously, without a second thought, be willing to die for the prince. I shall wait till tomorrow."

At night the king brooded over the problem. "Suppose I die for my son. Who would then protect him? There are foes all around. Who will protect the kingdom from the greedy clutch of my neighbouring kings till he grew up sufficiently to take charge of it?"

He tossed on his bed.

The queen was discussing the issue with her old nurse. "My daughter," said the nurse, "as soon as you die, the king would



marry again. What assurance is there that the step-mother would love your son? What is the use of saving his life when all he has to face is harassment and humiliation? Is it not natural for the new queen to wish her own son to succeed to your husband's throne? What would stop her from poisoning your son to achieve that end? Well, if it is the destiny of our boy to die, we have to bear with it. I'm sure, several sons would be born to you!"

The minister had taken his wife into confidence. She said, "Your allegiance is to the king, who is a benevolent master.

What is the sense in giving up your life for his little son? Who can say that he won't grow up into a wicked man? Why should the kingdom be deprived of your wise counsel?"

The general thought: "I don't mind dying for the king. Have I not risked my life for his sake again and again in the battle-field? To die fighting—for one's king and kingdom—is a glorious end for a hero. But to die in this fashion is not a warrior's business!"

The sage came to the court the next day and met the four in a private chamber.

"Can you say that you are ready to die for the prince—most spontaneously, without any conflict?" he asked the four. The four kept quiet.

The sage smiled. Then he stood up and left the palace. The queen after a moment, exclaimed, "Of course I can sacrifice my life for my son. Why did the sage go away?"

But it was late. The sage had gone away—nobody knew where!

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked the king in a challenging tone: "O King, does not the episode prove that the very concept of sacri-

fice is false? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulder."

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "No, the concept of sacrifice is not false. An ideal does not cease to be true simply because it is difficult to realise it. There are many instances of at least parents being ready to sacrifice themselves for their children. It is true that a human being loves himself or herself, but that is not the whole truth. Love and affection, the spirit of sacrifice and suffering, are the higher qualities in man. The lower qualities might dominate one's nature, but that fact does not disprove the existence of the higher qualities.

"One feels his love for another only when one is alive

oneself. One hesitates to die because there is no question of love without life.

"But that too is not the last truth. One can give one's life when inspired. In the present case, the sage himself made them give a second thought to the question by asking them to reflect on the issue! From the plane of emotion or inspiration, he brought down the issue to the plane of thought. When one depends on thought, one always sees two sides, if not more, to an issue. Had the sage not asked them to reflect on it, at least the queen would not have consulted her nurse. She would have readily agreed to sacrifice herself."

No sooner had the king concluded the answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



The Wise Boy-King

Janasandha, the king of Varanasi, died when his son was only seven years of age.

The ministers and the nobility were hesitant: how to make a seven-year-old boy the king? They put the prince to many tests. They were satisfied that the prince was an extraordinary boy. None of them equalled him in wit and wisdom!

This was no wonder, for the prince was the Bodhisattva. The coronation took place duly and Varanasi had a child-king.

But the fame of the child-king spread far and wide. People knew that he possessed a surprising insight into things. Nobody could bluff him and get away with it.

The late king, Janasandha, had a servant named Chanda. When his master died, Chanda was beset with sorrow. "I'll not receive the same affection from the prince," he thought. He retired to his village.

He had a plot of land. He decided to till it. One morning he borrowed a pair of bullocks from his neighbour, a farmer.

After ploughing his field, he led the bullocks to the farmer's house.

The farmer was having food. Chanda thought that it would be discourteous to call him and hand him over his bullocks. He left them inside the farmer's cowshed and went away. The farmer, through his window, saw it.

At night the bullocks were stolen. Although the farmer knew that Chanda had returned them, he decided to make the poor man pay for the loss.

"What did you do with my bullocks?" he asked Chanda.

"My brother, I left them in your cowshed, tied to their poles!" replied Chanda.

The farmer refused to accept this as true. "You received them from me; you should have returned them to me. I do not know where my bullocks are. Either you should pay me the value of my lost bullocks or we should go to the king. He will make you pay for them."

Chanda had to go out with the farmer, since he was unable

to pay for the bullocks.

As they walked through a village, some Brahmin boys who were residing with their master and learning their lesson, asked them about their destination. "We are going to meet the king," the two travellers said.

"We have heard much about the boy-king's wisdom. We have a problem. We could learn our lessons by heart easily. But we are unable to do the same for the last one month. Will you please ask the king what the reason is?" they asked.

"I will," promised Chanda.

"While they were passing through a meadow, a snake told them, "I have a problem.

When I am hungry and I go out of my hole in the ant-hill, I find the opening narrow. I manage to wriggle out through it. But when I come back, my tummy swelling with the food I have eaten, I find no difficulty in entering through the same opening. Is it not queer? Will you please ask the wise king the reason for this experience?"

Chanda agreed to put the question to the king.

They were passing by a lake, the dwelling of a number of *naga* serpents. Their chief raised his head and said, "The water of this lake was as clear as the autumn sky. But nowadays it is always muddy. Will



you please ask the king why has this change taken place?"

Chanda agreed to do as asked by him.

An hour later they met a deer. "Will you please ask the king why I cannot eat any grass excepting what grows under this banian tree?" the deer asked pointing out a tree.

Chanda nodded.

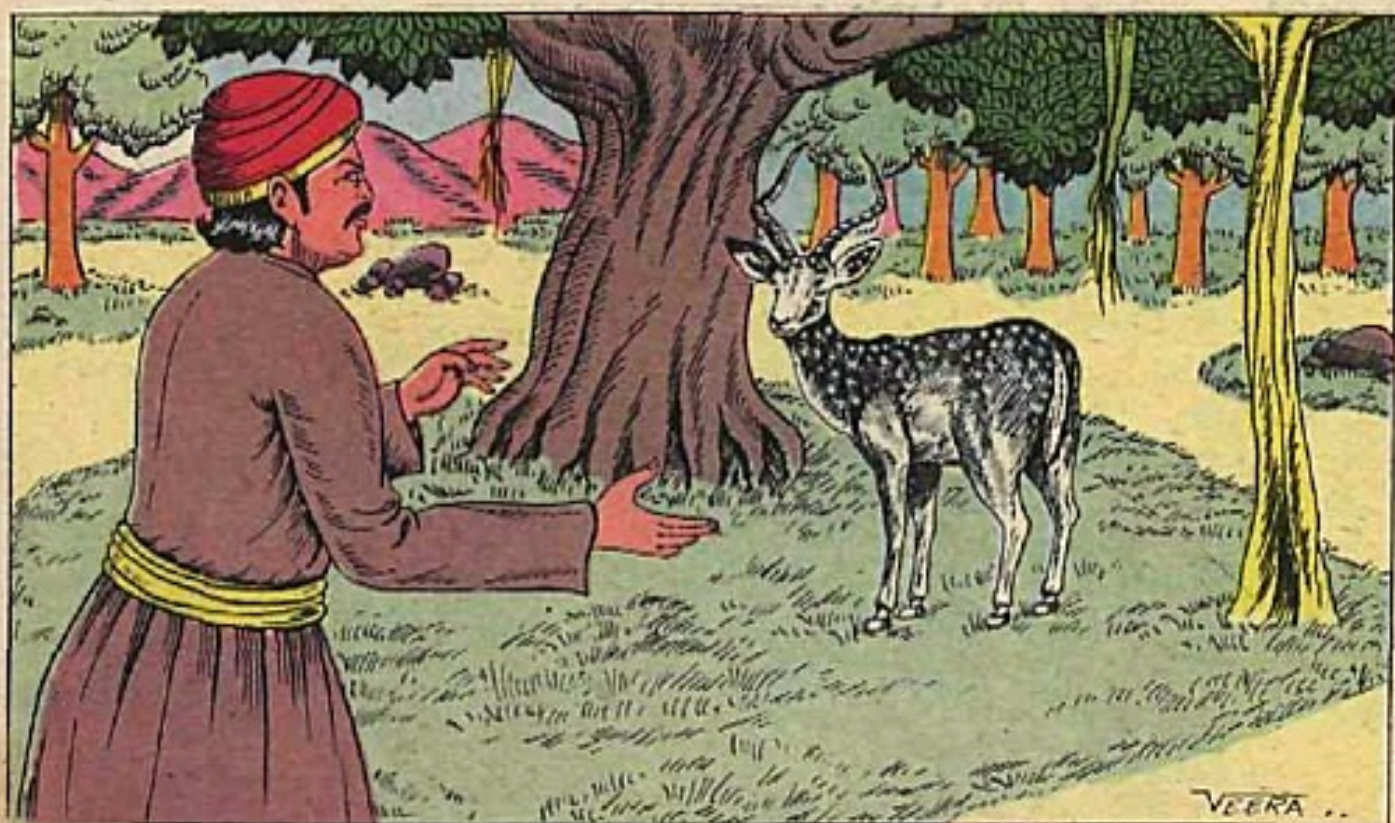
Soon the two stood before the young king. "Chanda! Where were you all these days?" asked the king fondly.

Chanda was moved at the show of the young king's love. "My lord, just now I stand before you as one who is accused of treachery." He then nar-

rated the incident concerning the bullocks.

The Bodhisattva fixed his gaze on the farmer and said gravely, "I can see that you saw Chanda returning your bullocks. He did not speak to you because you were taking food, you did not speak to him because it was not necessary. Just as Chanda saw you, you too saw him. Otherwise you would have gone to demand your bullocks back the same night. Right?"

The farmer trembled before the young king because the king spoke the truth. He confessed to his having seen Chanda leading the bullocks into his cowshed.



"But, Chanda, it was negligent of you not to inform your neighbour that you had put his bullocks back in the shed. You ought to pay him a hundred coins," said the king. Then, looking at the farmer, he said, "You saw Chanda returning the bullocks, but said that you did not see it. You have forfeited the right to have a pair of eyes. They should be dug out."

The man fell at Chanda's feet. He had no need of the money, he said. He requested Chanda to plead with the king to let him go back with his eyes.

The man was allowed to go.

The king made a gift of the village in which Chanda lived to

Chanda. He also gave him a cartful of valuable presents.

Chanda put before him the questions asked by the various creatures he met on his way.

"Those Brahmin boys were accustomed to rise from their beds and study as a certain crow cawed two hours before the sunrise. That crow has grown eccentric. It caws sometimes at midnight, sometimes later. The boys get up accordingly. But they feel sleepy at such irregular hours. They cannot concentrate. Tell them to get up at dawn by some other sign."

"The ant-hill under which the snake lives contains wealth."



The snake is always afraid of leaving it behind. That is why he finds it difficult to go out. He feels happy to return to it. So he finds it easy to enter the hole. You can tell the snake that the wealth is of no use to him and dig it out yourself."

"The *naga* serpents once lived peacefully. Now they quarrel among themselves. Their state of mind is reflected in their environment. That is why the water is muddy. Ask them to forget their quarrel and live in amity. The water shall grow transparent again."

"The banian tree under which the deer grazed has a honeycomb. Drops of honey fall on the grass and sweeten it. Once

the deer is accustomed to that grass, he cannot relish the ordinary grass."

Chanda thanked the young king and left for home. He told the deer that he ought not to depend solely on the meagre grass under the tree; it cannot sustain him for long. He plucked the honeycomb and sent the honey to the king.

He passed on the king's message to the *naga* serpents. They received it humbly. He then persuaded the other snakes to let him dig out the buried treasure. He also gave the king's message to the Brahmin boys.

Chanda lived his last days happily.

From the Buddha Jatakas



MAHMUD'S PLUNDERS

The Arabs who temporarily occupied Sind, gained much. Not only the wealth of India but also Indian philosophy, science, mathematics and literature—found their way to the land of the Arabs.



The splendour of India amazed the Arabs. Parables, fables and legends of India were thoroughly enjoyed by them. Through them some of these stories reached Europe too.



In the court of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, Indian scholars, astrologers, and magicians were honoured. Arab savants learnt from the Indians arithmetic and astrology with particular interest.



The hold of the Arabs on the Indian territory slowly weakened. But they could not forget the wealth of India. In the tenth century, the Caliph's governor at Ghazni, Mahmud, declared himself a Sultan and marched into India.

A prosperous king named Jaipal reigned in the north-western part of India. Sultan Mahmud inspired his own army telling them that his mission was to spread Islam, and he attacked Jaipal's territory.



King Jaipal met the enemy near Peshawar, but was defeated. Humiliated, he burnt himself alive. His son, Anandapal, united the rulers of Ujjain, Gwalior, Kalanjar, Kanauj etc. and prepared to face the enemy, should he strike again.

As anticipated, Mahmud struck again. Anandapal and his allies offered a stiff resistance. At the height of battle, Anandapal's elephant, wounded, got scared and turned its back. His allies thought that their leader had been defeated. They retreated.



The victorious Mahmud plundered palaces, destroyed temples and whole towns, killing innumerable people. At short intervals he invaded India seventeen times doing havoc in Multan, Mathura, Kanauj and other places, carrying away everything valuable.

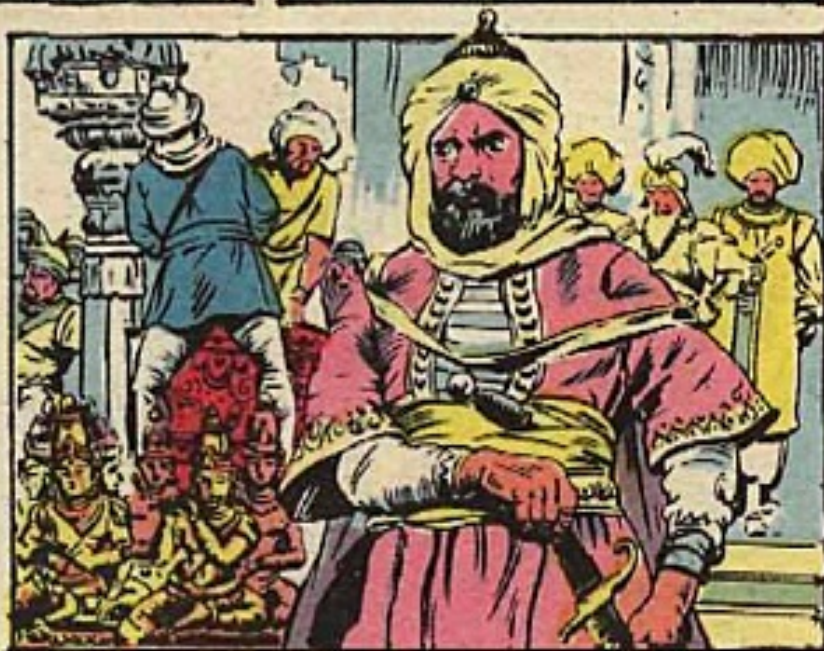
Mahmud's greed matched his cruelty and fanaticism. He heard about the great wealth of the Somanath Temple at Prabhas and went to ransack it. The Chalukya kings of Gujarat could not check this invasion.





The priests of the temple pleaded with Mahmud to spare the sanctum sanctorum. But the invader killed them and destroyed the sacred shrine. Then he looked for the wealth of the temple.

Valuable offerings of devotees collected over the ages were stored in several rooms. They were mostly diamond and gold. Mahmud was amazed at finding the fabulous deposit. After he looted the wealth, he ordered his soldiers to destroy the temple.



Mahmud could not return in peace. On the way the Jats harassed him and he was totally exhausted. He could not enjoy the wealth of Hindustan—for, a sick man, he died shortly, in 1030. His vandalism left India bleeding.



True Adventures

A Queen's Revenge

The fog was subsiding. The mellow sunlight had begun to show what was happening on a mound.

Thousands of people from the area had been summoned or compelled to gather there to witness what was happening.

They saw; they sighed; they shed tears.

They saw their helpless queen being flogged. She bled, but she managed to keep standing. She was supported by her two daughters who stood on her both sides. They too wept. The only one who did not weep was the queen.

Queen Boadicea was the widow of King Prasutagus, who ruled over a part of Britain,

now known as Norfolk.

This was in the 1st century. Nero was the emperor of Rome. The Romans had conquered Britain. Norfolk was then known as the Iceni. King Prasutagus, realising that it would be futile to fight the trained and ruthless Romans, had shown his allegiance to the conquerors. He had a great amount of wealth. On his death-bed he made a will, giving half of his private property to his two daughters, and the other half to Nero. This, he thought, will make the Romans pleased with his family. They will be kind towards his wife and daughters.

But as soon as the king died the Romans behaved most in-



solently. They humiliated the two princesses; they plundered the houses of the chiefs of Norfolk. They imposed such heavy taxes on the people that a poor farmer was not left with enough to cook a meal a day!

The chiefs of Norfolk were a noble lot. They revolted against the Roman tyranny. The queen encouraged them. This infuriated the Roman governor, Paulinus, so much that he decided to strike terror among them. The easy way to do that would be to punish their leader, Queen Boadicea, publicly. That is why the flogging was organised. People

were made to see what the conquerors could do.

After the 'ceremony' was over and the mounted Roman soldiers dispersed the mob with shrill orders and a liberal use of their whips, the queen was carried to her fort by her sobbing daughters.

At night groups of local chiefs came to see her. They spoke little, but swore vengeance.

"We cannot stomach this insult. We are resolved to die—after doing our best to destroy as much of the enemy as possible," they said.

The queen raised her head from her bed. Her daughters helped her to sit up. She was weak, but her face was calm. Her eyes were radiant.

"I have full faith in your honesty and I value your wrath. But if you act now, hastily, you would die without doing much harm to the enemy. The enemy will gloat over our further misfortune. Restrain yourselves. Prepare more and more men to fight. Show as if you have been humbled, as if you have accepted the Roman rule as an act of destiny. I shall give you the signal when to strike. But then you must strike like hungry giants!" said the queen.

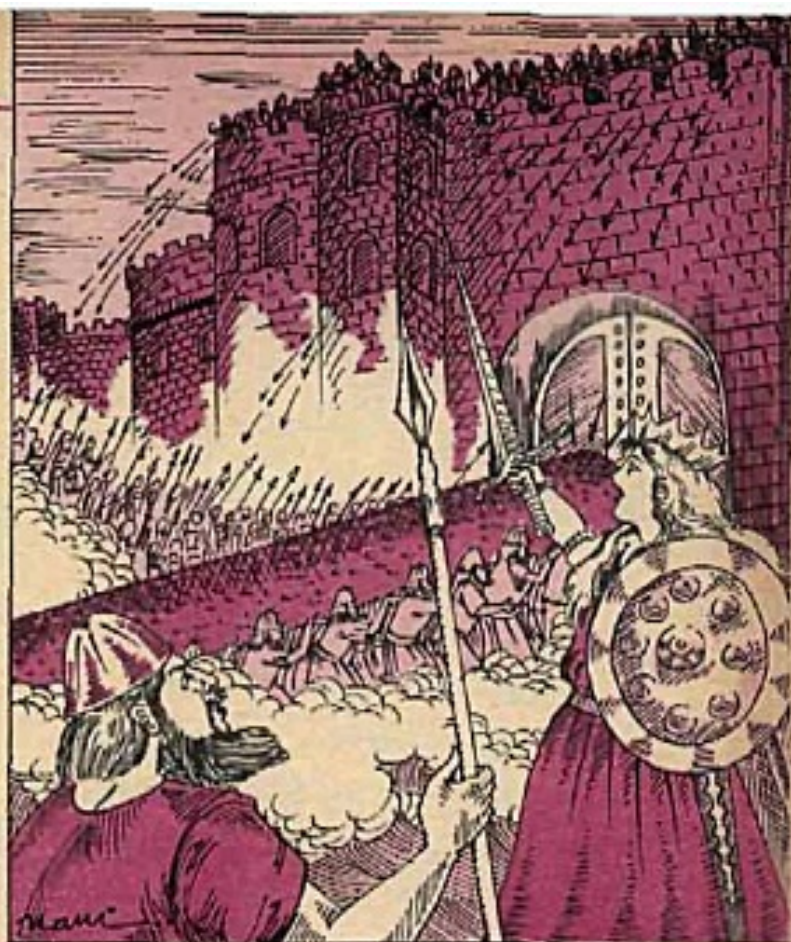
The late king was meek and mild. But the chiefs knew that the queen was made of different stuff. They agreed to abide by her advice.

The queen had been informed that there was a rebellion against the Roman rulers by the people of north Wales and Anglesey. She despatched spies to mark the movement of the Romans. Governor Paulinus, who was also the general of the Roman army, felt sure that Norfolk and even London had been totally subdued by him. He led the greater part of his army to crush the rebellion at north Wales and Anglesey.

The queen thought that the time had come for her to act! She sent message to the chiefs. They were ready. The queen sat on an invincible chariot secretly made for her. She led a large army mostly made up of peasants.

The Romans had their fortress at Colchester. The fortress had enough soldiers to protect it, but they least expected an attack from the people whose backbone, they thought, had been broken.

"Destroy the fortress and do not leave a single fellow, either Roman or a British supporter



of the Romans, alive!" cried out the queen.

The Romans had naturally closed the doors of the fortress. The queen's soldiers got hold of a huge timber and stormed the door with it. The door was smashed. The Romans rained arrows at the invaders, but the invaders swarmed in. "Let's avenge our queen's humiliation!" they shouted. In a few hours Colchester was without a single Roman alive.

The queen did not stop there. She led her army into London. The Romans put forth a resistance. The news of the seize of London by Queen Boadicea rea-

ched Paulinus. He rushed back to London and, from a safe distance, saw the havoc the queen's men were wreaking on his soldiers. But what could he do? He could not have withdrawn his soldiers from the rebel areas, for that would appear like a defeat in the hands of the rebels.

Paulinus went back to Anglesey, almost mad with fury, fear, and humiliation.

The Romans and their supporters in London met the fate that their brethren at Colchester had met. In all over 70,000 were killed.

The queen, once helplessly flogged in public, returned home, triumphant.

The Romans, sulking under the defeat, reorganised themselves. After much preparation and training, they marched upon Norfolk. Delibera-

tely they stationed themselves at a place where a small number of soldiers could check many.

The queen led her army to face the Romans again. But this time the Romans were far more prepared than she. The Romans took recourse to well-planned tricks.

When the queen knew that her soldiers were retreating and she was about to be captured, she decided in a minute what she should do. The enemy must not get her alive! She took poison and died.

Queen Boadicea's march for revenge against a formidable power is an all-time adventure. Its impact was great. The Romans never dared to be harsh towards their colony. They reduced the taxes and tried to be as friendly with the British as possible.





THE TEST

Sujata was fast asleep. A piercing cry woke her up. She was surprised to see a young man standing by her bedside.

She could not decide what to do. Should she shout?

Sujata's father had gone over to the town. The maid-servant had been called away by her own family to attend upon a patient. She was obliged to pass the night alone.

"There is a scorpion under your pillow. How are you lying asleep over it?" asked the young man, wriggling in pain.

Sujata understood that the thief was looking for her bunch of keys under her pillow when he was stung by the scorpion.

She got down from her bed and upturned the pillow. The scorpion fell on the floor. The young man crushed it under his heel.

The young man was handsome. He did not appear to be rough or cruel. Had he not found the scorpion, it would have surely bitten Sujata. She felt rather grateful to the intruder. She had with her a medicine that was a sure cure for scorpion-bite. She gave it to the young man. He applied it on his finger and found great relief.

"How dare you pass your night all alone in such a big house?" asked the young man.

"It was by chance that I was alone. But how dare you intrude into others' houses?" asked Sujata.

The young man showed embarrassment. He told his story: His parents died when he was a child. Someone gave him shelter, but never loved him. There was a fair near the village. The



boy whose name was Sudhir had a great desire to buy some sweetmeat from the fair. But he had no money to do so. He could not check his temptation for long. He asked his guardian for a little money, but was rudely snubbed. He stole from his box and enjoyed the sweetmeat. He stole again and was caught. He got a thrashing and was driven out of home.

He came over to the town and found work in a hotel. The hotel-owner was a kind man. He taught Sudhir to read and write. But the gentleman died all on a sudden. The hotel changed hands. Sudhir was

thrown out. He began stealing again.

Sujata heard his story with attention and sympathy. "But stealing is a dangerous practice. You might be caught or injured or even killed any moment. What is worse, it is a crime and even if you escaped the clutch of law, you cannot escape your own conscience. You will feel guilty for ever," said Sujata.

Sudhir sat, his head hung. After some time he said, "I'd readily give up the practice if I could take up some other vocation."

It became morning as they sat talking. Sujata's father was back.

"Father, meet Sudhir, brother of one of my friends. Can you help him find a job?" asked Sujata.

Sudhir greeted Sujata's father with a show of humility. The gentleman was impressed. "We will see what can be done about it. In the meanwhile he can be here helping me in my farming."

The gentleman had a flourishing farm. Sudhir was happy to work there; the gentleman was no less happy with his work.

Two months passed. One day Sujata's father told Sujata,

"My child, I have been looking for a suitable youth to marry you. Lately I feel that Sudhir should make a nice match for you. He is intelligent, honest, and courteous."

"What's the hurry about it, father? Let's wait and study him further," said Sujata.

The father had great faith in the daughter's prudence.

Sujata had no reason to feel dissatisfied with Sudhir. He proved better day by day.

It was evening. Sujata engaged herself in cleaning a casket. She had emptied the content of the casket on the floor. They were glittering

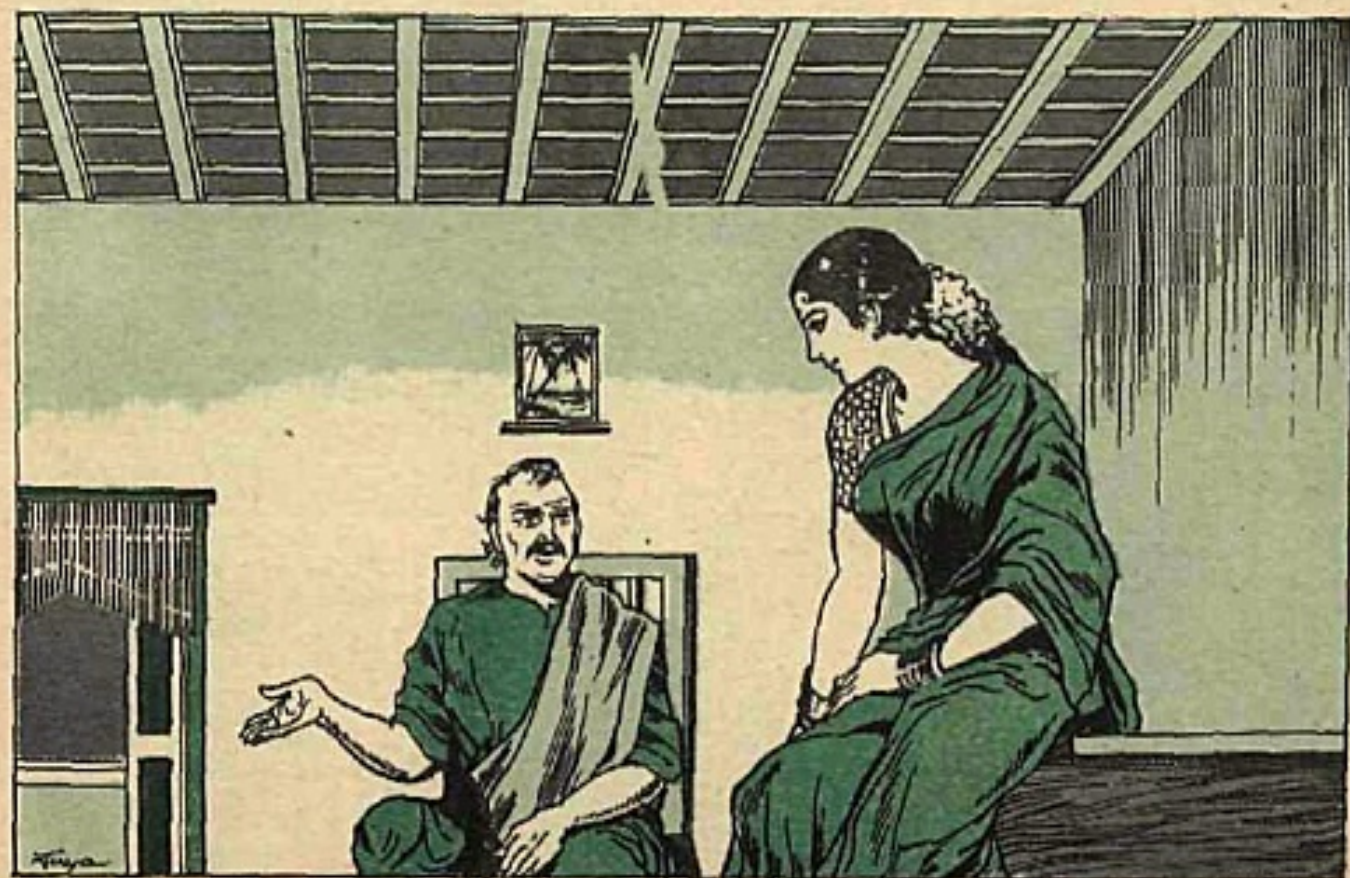
jewellery.

Sudhir came in for some work—and asked what Sujata was doing.

"These are my mother's costly things, but lying unused and gathering dust. I was cleaning them," replied Sujata. He then put the jewellery back in the casket.

Sudhir had no sleep. At midnight he sat up. "If I escape with the jewellery and sell them, I can have capital enough to start a shop in some other town," he thought. Then he thought again, "But should I betray Sujata and her father?"

But his greed got the upper-



hand. He tiptoed into Sujata's room and picked up the casket.

It was a moonlit night. In the garden Sudhir opened the casket to be sure that it contained the jewellery. His eyes fell on a scorpion inside. He at once emptied the casket on the ground.

He understood that the scorpion was a fake one. But he saw a scrap of paper with the jewellery. He lighted a matchstick and read: "You came as a burglar, but stayed on to become a gentleman. Woe to you that when you stood a chance to marry the daughter of your benefactor, you turned a burglar again!"

Sudhir was stunned and then delighted. "I must restore the casket to its place before Sujata wakes up," he thought. He put everything back in the box and

re-entered the house.

Sujata's father was looking for a glass of water. Surprised to see Sudhir returning with a box, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Sudhir did not know what to say. But Sujata came to his rescue. Stepping out of her room, she said, "Father, I found a scorpion in the box and requested him to carry the box outside and throw the poisonous insect off!"

"Fine," commented the father. He retired into his room.

A stern look fixed on Sudhir, Sujata then said, "Better go away in the morning. Do not repent for bringing back the jewellery. They are imitation ones."

Sudhir went away silently, but with a sigh.





The better Gift

Long, long ago, in a village of Sicily lived two peasants. It so happened that their wives gave birth to two sons on the same day. They decided to name the boys Franco and Geraldo.

The folks of Sicily believed that there were nymphs who liked to be present at the christening ceremony of the infants. Very few people, of course, could ever claim to have seen them.

Mothers of Franco and Geraldo placed two chairs for the nymphs—in case they would like to pay a visit. To their pleasant surprise a bluish light flashed in the room and they saw two nymphs, one old and the other young, occupying the chairs.

The young nymph gave Geraldo's mother a magic bag and said, "Your boy will never

become poor. This bag will give him three gold coins a day, if he shakes it while muttering 'Gold, gold, gold.' Good luck!"

The old nymph asked Franco's mother, "What would you like to have for your son? The same kind of boon or something better?"

"Something better!" said Franco's mother.

The old nymph gave her a magic flute and said, "Your boy will never be unhappy, for as soon as he plays this, his spirit will be high!"

Both the nymphs then disappeared.

Days passed. The two boys grew up. Their mothers handed over to them the gifts they had received from the nymphs. Geraldo began earning three gold coins every day. Franco

played his flute from time to time and was always happy.

Franco's parents, however, were not quite happy. "Geraldo is growing more and more rich day by day. We wish we had asked for the same boon for our son!" they said in whispers between themselves.

One day the people were informed that Sicily had been attacked by a neighbouring country. The king appealed to all the able-bodied youths to join the army.

Franco and Geraldo became soldiers for the sake of the defence of their land. Unfortunately their king was defeated.

They were imprisoned.

Even while living as a prisoner Franco was never unhappy. But Geraldo felt bored and home-sick.

"Ask the king if he would release Franco and myself for a certain amount of money," he told the prison-superintendent. The message reached the king.

"Sixty gold coins would satisfy us," said the king.

"I'll produce the amount in twenty days," said Geraldo.

The king was surprised. If Geraldo had the money with him, he could have given it the same day. If he had no money with him, how can he get it in



twenty days when he was in jail?

The king arranged for sleuths to keep a continuous watch on Geraldo. They found out how Geraldo got three gold coins a day from his bag and duly reported their finding to the king.

The king summoned Geraldo and said, "Give your bag to me."

"My lord, the bag will be of no use to you. The boon is for me. I alone can get money out of the bag," explained Geraldo.

"In that case, you remain my prisoner and continue to give me three gold coins a day," said the king.

Geraldo cursed his luck and passed his days in prison, giving up all hopes of freedom.

The king had a daughter. She fell sick. No treatment could cure her. She remained depressed and often shed tears.

"Nothing can save her unless she feels happy," the physicians told the king.

"My lord, we have a prisoner named Franco who is always happy and those who come near him also feel happy," an officer informed the king.

Franco was ushered into the palace. He sat by the side of the princess and began to play his magic flute. The princess





smiled almost immediately. She recovered completely in three days.

"I wish to give you a grand reward. What is your choice?" the king asked Franco.

"My lord, free all the prisoners," replied Franco.

"I shall free all but one. That one is Geraldo," said the king. He was not prepared to lose three gold coins a day.

"It is primarily for my friend Geraldo that I want freedom for

all," said Franco.

The king did not like to go back on his word. All the prisoners were set free.

Franco and Geraldo were on their way home. Geraldo suddenly hurled his magic bag away into a river.

"What did you do?" asked Franco.

"I was going to spend my whole life in jail because of this. How can I forget that?" Geraldo replied.

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MOSES AND HIS MISSION (II)



Moses took Aaron with him and asked the king to let him lead the Israelites away from Egypt. The king turned down his request.

Moses reported his failure to his God at the bush. God bade him try again.



To impress the king, Aaron threw down his staff. It became a serpent. When the king's magician too produced serpents, Aaron's serpent swallowed them all.



Even then the king was not moved. God turned all the waters of Egypt into blood. For days there was no water for the Egyptians to drink.





Then frogs and fleas and flies spread over the Egyptian households. But they did not harass the Israelites.

Then a gloomy darkness covered Egypt, barring the colony of the Israelites. Plague broke out and hailstorm destroyed houses and crop.



Then the Angel of Death ran past the houses of the Egyptians, striking the first-born man or woman of every family dead.

At last the king summoned Moses and asked him to leave Egypt with all his people—as soon as possible.

(To conclude in the next issue)





Kamsa imprisoned both Devaki and Vasudeva. Their cabin was guarded by armed soldiers. It was time for Devaki to be delivered of her eighth child.

Kamsa was growing tense and anxious. Time and again he alerted the guards.

"There is not the slightest likelihood of Devaki's eighth child growing up and proving any menace to me. I will kill the child forthwith. I am only anxious to steal a march on the gods who have prophesied my doom," he told himself and felt pleased that such a chance was at hand.

But the pleasure was not last-

ing. He could not enjoy his sleep properly. Waves of panic overtook him. He was trying to divert his attention at amusements, but in vain.

It was the eighth day of the dark fortnight of the month of *Bhadra*. Kamsa was informed that Devaki was about to give birth to her child. He sent word to his guards reminding them of the necessity to remain vigilant. Nobody should be allowed to go near the cabin. He was to be informed as soon as the child had been born.

The guards paced before Devaki's cabin with greater show of alertness.

THE MIRACLE



Devaki told Vasudeva, "It had been decided that I shall exchange my child with Yasoda, the wife of Nanda. But how can the exchange take place now that we are guarded so closely?"

Soon she gave birth to a lovely son. "Look at the child. Have you ever seen such beautiful eyes? The finest vision of an artist will look dim before the grandeur of this child's appearance. Will you really offer this to the cruel Kamsa?"

Vasudeva kept gazing at the child, unable to take his eyes away.

Suddenly they heard a voice from above, saying: "All the

guards have fallen into a stupor by the power I have applied on them. The doors of your cabin as well as the castle will open up. There is nobody to check you. Go and leave the child with Yasoda."

The voice was that of Yogamaya, the Divine Mother.

Vasudeva took the child in his arms and proceeded towards the door. The door flung open. So did eight doors of the castle, one after another.

Vasudeva arrived on the bank of the river Kalindi. The river was in spate. Soon it began to rain. All was dark. But a shaft of light from above guided him. He could also feel as though a mighty hood, spread over his head, protected him from the shower.

Soon he was with Yasoda who had just given birth to a female child. Vasudeva exchanged his son with her daughter. Then he returned to his prison-cabin inside the castle.

The female child cried out. At once the open doors got shut of their own and the guards woke up from their slumber. They ran to Kamsa and informed him that Devaki's eighth child had just been born.

Kamsa rushed into the cabin

and looked at the child, his eyes spitting fire!

But what does he see? Vishnu's incarnation ought to be a boy, not a girl! Was there any trick in the prophecy? Kamsa felt uncertain for a while. Then he decided not to waste any more time. He snatched the child from Devaki and came out hurriedly. Then he caught the child by its legs and raised it, intending to bring it down on a slab of stone.

But a miracle took place. The child slipped off his hands. He could see a glimpse of a luminous figure disappearing in the sky.

"You may live in a fool's paradise, sure that you have forestalled your doom. But know that your destroyer is growing up, securely, elsewhere!" announced a soft voice.

Kamsa felt like going crazy.

He summoned his lieutenants like Dhenuka, Vatsaka and Pralamva, and told them, "Kill all the new-born babes of Gokul. This must be done if you wish to see me alive. Let the demomess Putana, an expert at killing kids, direct this operation.

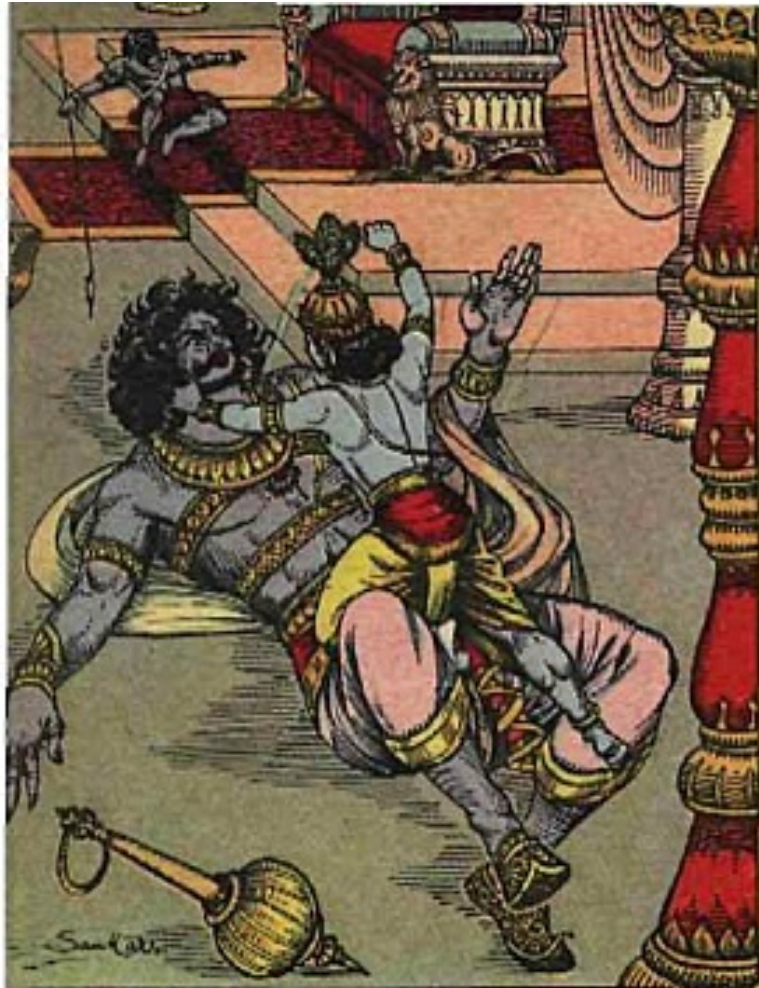
In the morning all heard that Nanda's wife, Yasoda, had given birth to a son. Kamsa too



heard the news. But it was not easy to kill Nanda's son, after all. Putana tried to kill the child feeding him with the poisoned milk from her breast, but she died herself. Thereafter Kamsa's lieutenants tried to kill the boy under some pretext or the other, but got killed themselves.

Krishna grew up and did wonders. Once he protected the people from the wrath of Indra by lifting a hill with a finger. The people took shelter under it and were saved from a terrible downpour.

By and by Kamsa realised that Krishna was the boy des-



tined to kill him. He continued in his effort to kill Krishna. He proposed to perform a festive rite in his castle and sent Akrura to fetch Krishna and his brother, Balaram, to attend it.

As soon as the two boys reached Mathura, a ferocious elephant was directed to trample them. They escaped the danger. Kamsa's wrestlers then challenged them to a combat, but they got killed. At last, trying to push the boys to their death from a high platform, Kamsa himself was thrown to his death.

Vasudeva and Devaki were set at liberty. Krishna also

liberated Ugrasen, Kamsa's father, and returned to him the throne of Mathura.

Vasudeva sent the two princes to the sage, Sandipan, for their education. They lived with the guru for twelve years and completed their study.

In the meanwhile Jarasandha, the father-in-law of Kamsa, attacked and wrought havoc in Mathura, to avenge the death of Kamsa. He continued to attack the city even after Krishna's return from the Ashram of Sandipan. He also instigated a tyrant, Kalayavan, to attack Mathura.

Krishna told his kinsmen, "We, the Yadavas, are the targets of Jarasandha. He is extremely cruel. I do not want to see the people of Mathura harassed on our account. Let us depart to the region of the Raivataka hills which, I have heard, is a charming place. The area is called Dwaraka."

All agreed to the proposal. Soon the Yadavas migrated to Dwaraka.

After the Yadavas had settled down in the new place, Krishna and Balaram paid a visit to Mathura.

Coming to learn of their visit, Kalayavan hurried to Mathura

to confront them.

Krishna, appearing before Kalayavan, pretended to take to heels. Kalayavan gleefully pursued him.

Krishna hid inside the hermitage of the sage, Muchukunda. The sage was fast asleep. Kalayavan entered the hermitage and planted a kick on the sage.

The sage sat up. Trembling with rage, he cast a look at Kalayavan.

At once a fire consumed the tyrant. He was reduced to ashes.

Krishna and Balaram returned to Dwaraka.

Rukmini, the princess of Vidarbha, loved Krishna. But the powerful Chedi prince, Sishupal, came to marry her. At a request from the princess, Krishna led her away to Dwaraka and married her.

Days passed. Rukmini gave birth to a son. He was named Pradyumna.

One day a demon called Shamvar kidnapped the charming child and gave it to his wife, Mayavati.

Krishna's palace at Dwaraka was a well-protected bastion. The yadavas and their soldiers kept a constant vigil on it. Who could kidnap the child des-



pite this? All were puzzled.

Krishna prayed to the Divine Mother. "O Goddess, such an unfortunate thing could not have happened without your knowledge—for the happening is not natural but supernatural. You alone can come to my rescue and restore the lost child to us," he said.

The Goddess appeared before Krishna. "Your son was stolen because of a curse. Don't you worry. When a young man, he would return home, destroying his demon captor," said she.

Krishna and Rukmini got back the peace of their mind.

How, indeed, had the demon



succeeded in stealing the child? No doubt, it was by his power for creating illusion. The power, called, *Maya*, can cast a spell on anybody—be he a man or a god or a demon. Rama ran after a deer, taking it to be a true golden one, because he was under the spell of *Maya*. Due to the same reason he was unable to know where Sita was detained. It was because of *Maya* again that he failed to recognise his sons, Lava and Kusha. Valmiki had to introduce them to him.

Born as a human being, the

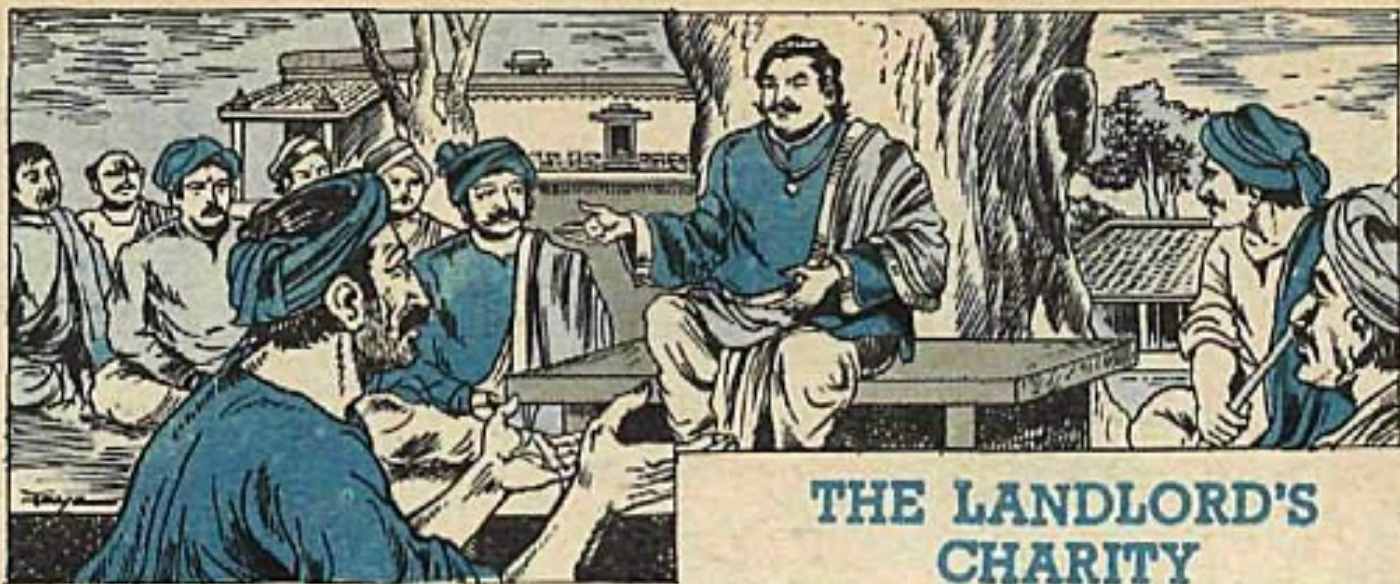
Lord too has to be guided by many principles that govern the world of the mortals. That is why even Krishna was obliged to hide from demons or destroy them through others. While the power of *Maya* obtained by demons is used to harm others and create problems, the same power when used by the worthy can prove quite beneficial.

The fact is, it is the *Maya*, in some form or the other, that governs the world. And Mahadevi was the repository of this immense force.

(To continue)

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE LANDLORD'S CHARITY

The estate of Sitapur had been bought over by a new landlord. The gentlemen of the locality gathered to greet him at his kachahri when he visited it for the first time.

The landlord spoke to the people very sweetly. The people got the impression that he was kind and charitable. They were happy.

Raghu, the poorest man in the village, was listening to the landlord. He stepped forward and narrated his sorrows and appealed to the landlord for the gift of a milch-cow. He could sell the milk and make his two ends meet.

"Is that all you want? Very well, meet me in the evening and take away the best of the cows we have here!" said the landlord.

Raghu bowed down to him

and went away, immensely pleased.

He met the landlord in the evening. There was nobody else nearby. As soon as the landlord saw him, he blurted out, "You sly fellow, who asked you to go on with your tale of woe while I was in a meeting? You don't deserve any pity. Get out. If you speak a word of it to anybody, I'll make your life even more miserable."

Raghu could not believe his ears. He realised what a villain the landlord was. However, he was not prepared to take it lying down.

Next day again the landlord was surrounded by the respectable people of Sitapur. Raghu went to the field and spotted the best of the cows of the landlord. He began to lead it away towards the meeting. The land-

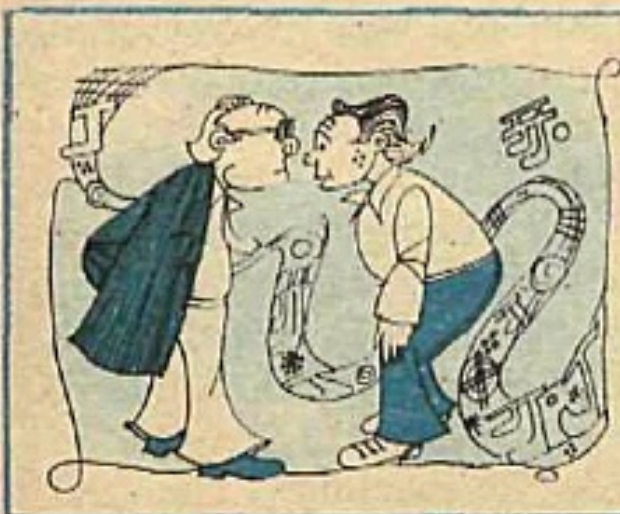


lord's cowherd followed him, asking him to explain his queer conduct.

Soon Raghu was before the landlord. "Sir!" he said, "As promised in the morning, yesterday, you gave me this cow in the evening. But your cowherd does not know it. The poor

chap thinks that I have stolen it!" He laughed.

The villagers also laughed at the cowherd's ignorance of the landlord's charity. The landlord realised that hypocrisy did not pay. He grinned. Raghu left for his house with the cow.



GREAT KNOWS THE GREAT

Mozart once told a music critic: "If you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

About Mozart, Haydn said, "If every friend of music, and great men in particular, appreciated Mozart's genius as I did, nations would vie with one another to possess such a jewel."

The Honest one

The villagers were worried because there was no rain.

A false hermit came to camp in the village. The villagers sought his help.

"I can perform a Yajna that will bring down rain, if all the honest men contribute to the fund necessary for the ritual," said the false hermit.

All the villagers contributed to the fund. The Yajna was performed, but not even a speck of cloud was seen anywhere in the sky.

"I asked contributions from honest men. Evidently you fellows are not honest. What can I do? I must go away, as I am not accustomed to live among such people," said the fellow and he left - carrying with him the greater part of the fund that had remained unspent.





Only A Cat

There was an old burglar who had a number of disciples. Among them were Raghu and Tima. When the burglar fell sick, these two lived with him and served him sincerely. The dying burglar taught them how to become successful burglars.

"My time is up. I've taught you all my tricks. I hope, you'll manage your business well," the old burglar told Raghu and Tima. They were his last words.

Raghu and Tima performed their master's funeral and then parted company.

Five years passed. One day Tima sought out Raghu and asked, "How many times have you been caught in the meantime?"

"Not even once!" replied Raghu.

"Really? Well, I've been caught six times. Twice I mana-

ged to escape. But I was jailed four times. Surely the master taught you more tricks than he taught me!" said Tima.

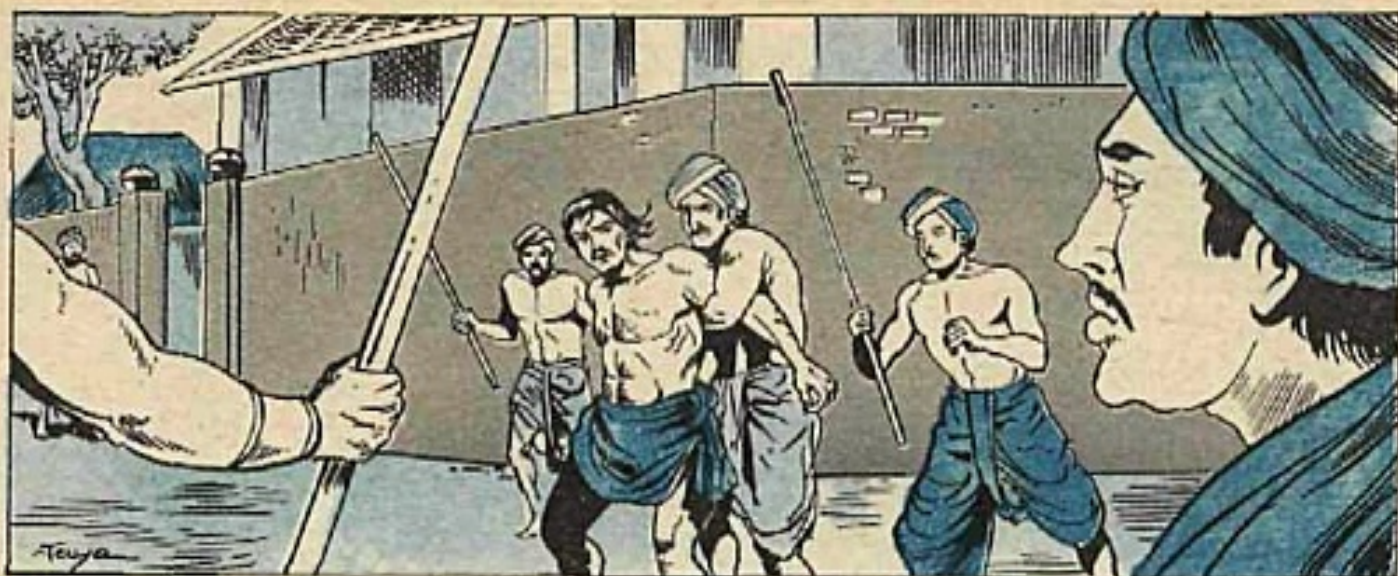
"Don't insult the memory of our master. He was impartial," said Raghu.

"How is it then that you are never caught?" asked Tima, a bit agitated.

Raghu was hesitant, but he explained, "You see, it is not enough to learn the tricks of burglary or to have the necessary courage. You must have something more. No master can give that to you."

"What is that?" asked Tima, curious.

"The presence of mind," replied Raghu, and he explained it: "Last week, while stealing from a house, I dashed a tin box. The sound woke up the lady of the house. At once I



mewed like a cat. The lady's husband told her that a cat was looking for rats and they need not feel concerned. Well, I safely came out with my booty!"

"I understand," said Tima, looking quite bright. He then took leave of Raghu.

The same night, while burgling a house, Tima knocked down an earthen pot. The sound woke up the residents.

"Who's there?" they asked.

"Only a cat!" replied Tima. The residents got up and rushed upon him. He scaled the wall and began to run. But the neighbours caught him.

"Is it not surprising that I was caught though I acted with presence of mind?" he mused to himself while being led to the police station.

SILENCE AND COMMENT

Father and son were attending a musical function. A master-singer gave a superb performance. The son sat enchanted.

A younger singer sang next. He was nowhere compared to the earlier one. But the son found the father nodding in appreciation and heard him saying, "Very good!" when the singer finished.

"How is it that you made no comment on the first singer's performance?" asked the surprised son.

"My boy, his performance spoke for itself. The younger singer needed someone else to speak up for him," replied the father.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. P. V. Subramaniam



Mr. Prantel K. Patel

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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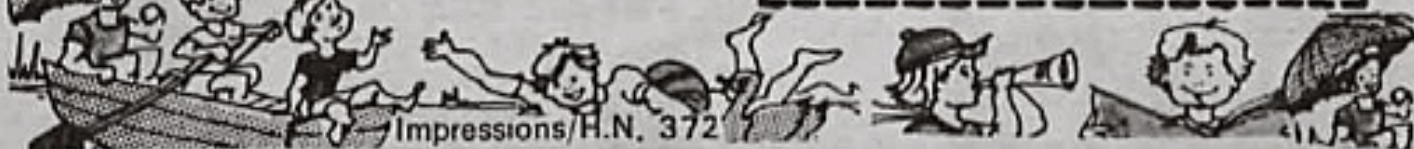
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